THE KINSLEY GRAPHIC.

"A TIME LIKE THIS DEMANDS STRONG MINDS, GREAT HEARTS, TRUE FAITH AND READY HANDS."

VOL. XV. KINSLEY, EDWARDS COUNTY, KANSAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1891. NO. 8.

ON a Christmas eve an emigrant train
Sped on through the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.

In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore wants wan trace,
But the little one only smiled.

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring
As she heard: "Now, mamma, come and guess
What Santa Claus'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said,
"The train is going too fast."

"O, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer
They runs all over the world to-day—
I'll hang my stocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes,
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.

On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played,
And stole into his heat.

As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
"Twas sweet to hear her glee:
"I knowed that Santa would find me out,
He caught the train you see."

Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right,
The good Saint Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade
And may feel the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.
—Henry C. Walsh, in Youth's Companion.

WHEN Sonny was a "wee an" there came a day in which "Sonny's maw," as Pete Peculiar called her, lay still with crossed hand and closed eyes.

That day Pete's tools lay untouched on the leather-bottomed bench in the shoemaking shop, while the dead woman lay in the narrow "living" room back of the shop waiting to be cared for.

Pete put Sonny's maw away in humblest fashion. Then he quietly led the child back into the shop, and shut the door on the neighbors inquiring eyes.

When Sonny piped out with a little quaver in his voice: "Sonny ahnts huzzer dink, Sonny dooz," and then looked around bewildered in the silence for his mother. Pete roused himself and said gently: "Yer maws wen away, Sonny. Daddy 'ull git it fer yé."

So "daddy" did all that was done for Sonny.

In the hot summer days Pete smiled and pegged busily away at the boots and shoes.

Sonny as busily sat swinging his small bare feet in the open doorway of the little shop, or playing with scraps of red leather linings.

Pete fashioned Sonny with some clumsy little aprons, and laced them up the back, like his shoes, with bits of leather strings.

Among the neighbors there was a voluble widow. She it was who had been most voluble and officious in offers of assistance to Pete when "Sonney's maw died."

But Pete Peculiar had told her gently "that he'd ruther do for Sonny's maw himself."

The widow did not understand, so he had remarked spitefully to a neighbor that "she'd thought Pete Pecoolyar tul' up he'd more fixins an style to her buryin' enyhow."


PETE WAS STOOPING OVER SONNY.

She said furthermore that "she'd jest like-ter see ef he'd go on amilin' when he bed her 'do'ter Sonny."

So the widow held up her hands when she saw Sonny's aprons.

To all of which Pete, pegging away into the nights to pay for "Sonny's maw's" coffin that was without "styles" or "fixins" to it, said not a word but worked on.

Well, Sonny grew and grew till he outgrew, among other things, sucking his thumb and the small, leather-latched aprons.

One night Pete sat up later than usual working at his bench. As he stitched away, the something in his hands was shaped into a ball covered with pieces of bright red leather.

Pete used to lift his patient blue eyes from his work whenever he heard a triumphant shout of: "Lookee, dad! lookee!" from Sonny and his baseball nine on the green in front of the shop.

Sonny's "nine" consisted of small Sonny and an imaginary eight.

For Pete smiled at the rough children of his rougher neighbors, but Sonny played alone.

When Sonny was six Pete laid down his tools one morning and called him from his play.

Then he shut the door of the shop behind them, and led wondering Sonny up the street.

Pete told the teacher when they got to the school house that: "Sonny's maw didn't git no chance, an' he never kud seem ter get uh chance hisself an' so he wanted Sonny ter get uh chance sure."

The teacher looked down at small Sonny and smiled. Sonny listened and wondered as he looked up at daddy and the teacher.

At the end of some weeks at the school house Pete, who sat mending a child's shoe one day, paused with uplifted hand as the small owner of the shoe told him that "Sonny kud larn thet air readin' like chals lightuin'."

Sonny did not play with the bits of red leather now. Night after night while "dad was peggin'," Sonny sat near with the "readin' books" that Pete regarded with such awe.

So the days went on, pegging days for Pete as he worked and thought of Sonny's chance in a groping way. Capering days for Sonny filled with happiness, a red ball and the new "readin' books."

When Sonny was eight years old he pranced into the shop one day in early spring where Pete sat at work.

Pete looked up and smiled at Sonny and Sonny smiled back at Pete.

Then Sonny put his wonderful readin' book, away and picked up the red leather ball.

A few minutes later he had marshaled his baseball nine on the green "where dad kin see us," he said.

As Pete pegged away he heard the shouts and commands to the imaginary eight. The game progressed to a fever heat of excitement.

Sonny, with upturned, eager blue eyes and dying feet, was speeding across the green to catch the ball. Suddenly his foot struck a stone that was frozen into the ground. He fell with a heavy thud.

The sudden silence outside caused Pete to look up from his work. Then he hastily laid down the unfinished shoe.

Soon he was stooping over Sonny, who lay with closed eyes and the red ball held fast in one small hand.

At last Sonny slowly opened his eyes and looked into the face so near his own.

He tried to smile a little as he said: "Suthin' cracked in here, daddy. I heerd it crack jest here," pointing to his hip.

For answer Pete smoothed back Sonny's hair gently and said: "Daddy'll fix it for ye, Sonny. Daddy'll fix it—if he kin."

Sonny smiled faintly again and closed his eyes.

Pete carried the child into the house. Very carefully he laid him down on the bed in the "living" room. Then he hurried up the street to see about Sonny's chance.

Pete walked on till he came to a sign that was taking a swing in the spring breeze while it told the public that this was the office of one S. P. Gilbert, M. D.

There was no one in the office, so Pete sat down patiently to wait.

On the table lay an open telegram. It was dated Chicago, and read:

To Dr. S. P. Gilbert: Come at once Maurice is dying.

ELIZABETH G. PORTER.

Dr. Gilbert, coming in from one of his patients, had picked up the telegram. When he had read it he said: "Poor sister! I must go to her."

So he had gone that day to Chicago.

When Dr. Gilbert reached his sister's home he found that there was no hope for the boy's life.

The child died.

The next day the doctor returned to his patients.

He found scrawled on his order slate: "Kum ter suny at Pete Peculiars."

The doctor inquired the way and went.

Soon he was following Pete through the shop to the bed in the corner. Sonny smiled up at them as he lay with white face and patient eyes.

Sonny's smile was so like Pete's.

The doctor looked grave when he heard Pete's story.

After long weeks of patient uncomplaining little Sonny and pegging Pete, the doctor said the child could try to use his leg.

Then Pete smiled more hopefully. He began to sit up nights working away at something made of wood and leather.

They were clumsy little crutches that Pete made for Sonny. But Pete had said gently as he smoothed Sonny's hair: "Daddy'll fix 'em fer ye," and Sonny had smiled and waited.

So to Sonny they were all that a pair of crutches could be.

It was on a Christmas eve that Pete put the last touches to them. So the next day there was a merry time at Pete's, for Sonny and Pete were fond of "kelebratin'" as they always called it at Christmas time.

The widow said: "That's jest like them Pecoolyurs. Who ever heerd tell of "killebratin" at Krissmus an' havin' fire-crackers too. Pecoolyur by name an' natur I say."

For two years the sound of Sonny's voice and Sonny's crutches could be heard sometimes in the school, but more often at Pete's.

Pete had been busy lately making a pair of boots for Dr. Gilbert.

Pete had confided to Sonny "thet he wus goin' ter mak' 'em mighty good an' lastin'." For the doctor would take no "pay."

So when Pete had finished the boots and tied them together, Sonny slung them across his shoulders and went off slowly on his crutches to carry them as a surprise to the doctor.

The doctor looked thoughtfully into Sonney's face and silly felt his pulse as he shook his hand and told him to thank Pete, but tell him to spend no more time on boots for him as these looked as if the would last forever.

To which Sonny smiled in a pleased way and replied: "Daddy said he'd mak' 'em mighty lastin'."

The next day the doctor came into Pete's and said the boots fitted him very well indeed, and that he guessed he would take another look at Sonny's leg.

When Dr. Gilbert reached his office that night he sat down to think over his day's work among his patients.

Then he picked up a pen and directed an envelope to Mrs. Elizabeth G. Porter, in care of the Maurice Porter Memorial hospital, Chicago, Ill.

The letter ran as follows:

DEAR SISTER ELIZABETH: It is with interest I read your letter telling me of your satisfactory work in the hospital. You could have erected no more lasting and useful monument to Maurice's memory than this hospital for crippled childhood.

I have at present among my patients a little child who, like your Maurice, is an only son. But his father is a poor shoemaker, and Sonny, as the boy is called, is very near to his heart.

The little fellow met with an accident about two years ago. There has resulted a complication of hip-joint disease with other troubles.

There will have to be an operation. His father cannot give him the skillful care he ought to have.

Can you take him into the hospital? If so, write me at once.

Your affectionate brother.

S. P. GILBERT, M. D.

A favorable answer came to the doctor.

So Sonny went to the hospital in care of the kind doctor.

Pete stood on the platform and looked after the receding train.

He had told the doctor in an anxious whisper just before the train left that "Sonny's maw hed allers 'lowed ter give Sonny uh chance, an' he wanted Sonny ter hev uh chance sure."

The weeks passed by patient Pete as he pegged on alone waiting to hear about Sonny's chance.

There came a brave little scrawl from Sonny.

Pete rubbed his glasses, drew the light nearer, and began to slowly spell out Sonny's words. They were these:

"I 'ad like ter see yer, daddy, ever so my leg akes so nites an' in the


DADDY AND SONNY "KELEBRATE."

mornins' an' sum afternoons, but it don't ake so very, daddy, not so very, the docktur he sez ez uh wouldn leg don t no how ter ake, i wish I hed wun. Ef yer ain't peggin' kud yer kum an' smooth my har an' gimme uh drink, jest wun drink? I gess they don't never kelebrate hear coz they all ake so, only my leg don't hart so very daddy.

from Sonny."

Pete could not see the last words. He took off his glasses slowly. Then he sat very still for a long time thinking.

At last the slow smile began to creep over Pete's careworn face and he brought his hand down on his knee as he said aloud:

"Yes, thet'll be the way. Then Sonny 'ull hev uh chance, sure."

While Pete was slowly spelling out Sonny's words, Dr. Gilbert sat in his office reading the following letter:

CHICAGO, Ill.—Dear Brother: Your welcome letter came to me last week. I thank you for your continued interest in my hospital work, and I am pleased that you have been able to make it the means of interesting your children in trying to brighten a little some lives less happy than their own. Your former patient, the Sonny, now sits up a part of the day, and gets about the ward in a wheel chair.

He suffers constant pain, but is very patient and uncomplaining. We can all learn a lesson in patience and unselfishness from Sonny. The doctors expect to amputate his leg next week. If he rallies, as we hope he will, a sight of "daddy," as he calls him, would do our brave little patient much good. I leave you to tell his father of Sonny's condition. Yours, with love,

ELIZABETH G. PORTER.

A few days before Christmas two doctors stood talking in low tones beside Sonny's bed at the hospital. The amputation had taken place some weeks before. The child was asleep now. When Sonny opened his wistful blue eyes there stood his kind friend, Dr. Gilbert. Very glad Sonny was to see him. The doctor said cheerfully:

"Well, Sonny, how are you to-day, and what are you going to do to have a good time on Christmas?"

Sonny said longingly: "I 'ud like ter hev daddy an' kelebrate, I 'ud like ter ever so."

Long before light on Christmas morning a man with his arms full of bundles stood at the door of the hospital.

Sonny had turned his hot pillow over and over again on Christmas eve and laid his tired little head down with a homesick longing "ter see daddy an' kelebrate."

When Sonny opened his eyes as the light of Christmas day walked in through the window, there in a chair by the bedside was, well, what do you suppose?

It was a brand new little wooden leg that "kud never larn how ter ake," as Sonny joyfully said. That was not all. Between the toes of the wooden foot some one had put some firecrackers.

Sonny laughed, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Oh! Oh! If only daddy kud see! Just then there was a noise at the foot of the bed. Up popped another Christmas present. It was daddy.

You may be sure daddy and Sonny "kelebrated" to their hearts' content.

The nurse wrapped Sonny in blankets and put him in a wheel chair. Sonny, with shining eyes, his wooden leg clasped tightly in his thin little arms, and a lap full of firecrackers was wheeled to a sunny window by daddy's own hands.

Daddy fastened the firecrackers to the end of a long stick so that Sonny could shoot them off himself.

After awhile Dr. Gilbert came with his sister on his arm, to watch the "kelebratin."

As Pete smiled sad gently smoothed back Sonny's hair, he whispered to the doctor that "mebbe Sonny kud git his chance now."

And Pete pointed to the wooden leg that Sonny still held fast in his arms.

JENNY FAIRMAN SMITH.

—It is a rule for Christmas to come only once a year, but it is a good rule to go by.—Philadelphia Times.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

ALLIANCE NOTES.

—The membership of the Arkansas alliance has increased nearly 50,000 in the past year.

—Every county alliance in North Carolina has adopted the Ocala platform without a nay. That's the way they "split on the sub-treasury."

—Gold and silver, forever fluctuating in their own value, can never be made an accurate measure of the value of other commodities.—Adam Smith.

—Forward, march! Free cotton goods, pensions only to those who are in actual need, and that to be paid in full legal tender paper money.—Southern Mercury.

—The supreme council of the F. A. and I. U. at its recent annual meetings held at Indianapolis November 17 to 21, 1891.]

The first boycott ever started by the alliance was instituted by the national council against the Rochester Clothing Exchange of New York. This concern is immense, being a consolidation of twenty-three firms. When the combine was formed last March over 18,000 garment makers were thrown out of employment. A boycott was instituted by the K. of L., and James Hughes, of that organization was arrested for conspiracy against the laws of New York. By a packed jury Mr. Hughes was convicted, but the case was appealed and he is now under $12,000 bail. The company succeeded in breaking up the cooperative clothing establishment started by the locked-out employes by compelling the clothing factories to refuse to sell to it. Since the lock-out the business of the combine has fallen off from $19,000,000 to $13,000,000. The resolution instituting the boycott was adopted unanimously as follows:

Whereas, The Clothing Exchange of Rochester, N. Y., has locked out their employes, deporting them of their right to live and labor.

Whereas, The said combine has arrested the officers of the Knights of Labor on trumped up charges and before a packed jury convicted the master workman, one James Hughes, for doing his duty to his fellow men, therefore be it

Resolved, That we denounce the actions of the Rochester Clothing combine for depriving their former employes of doing a lawful business, and be it further

Resolved, That we call upon all like minded people to let the goods of these unfair and un American manufacturers severely alone.

After the passage of the above resolution it was decided to publish a list of retail stores handling the goods of the combine in every alliance paper, an effort that will tend largely to bring the company to terms.

RENT IN TWAIN.

It Is Not the Alliance, But the Solid Democratic South That Is Split Wide Open By the Sub-Treasury Plan.

The following document, signed by 200 prominent Texas democrats, appeared in the Dallas Morning News of November 23, and we print it for the general information of our thousands of readers:

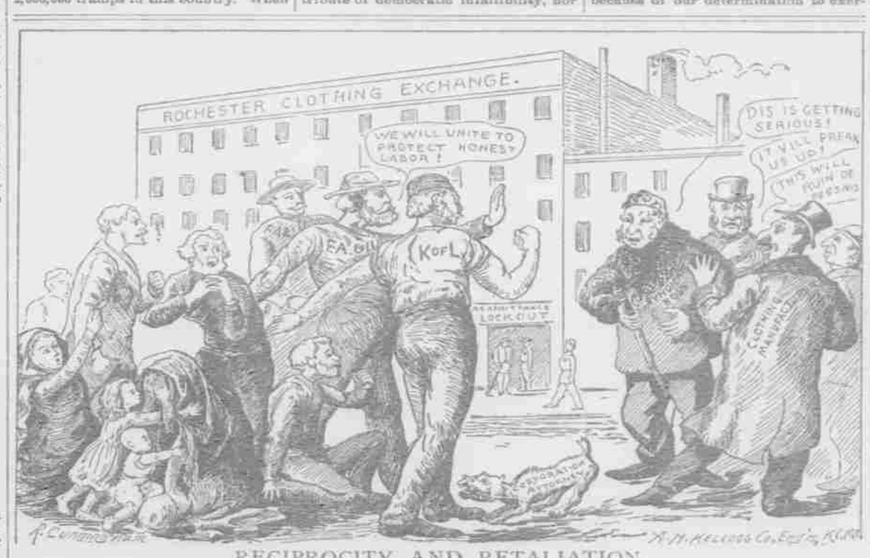
To the Democracy of Texas:

The recent pronunciamento of Chairman Finley, announcing that those democrats who believed in, and advocated the reform generally known as the "sub-treasury plan," should not hereafter be admitted to a participation in the councils of the democratic party in Texas, following almost immediately upon the practical expulsion of a member of a county executive committee who was a believer in said reform, admonishes us that the time has arrived when it is proper and necessary for those who believe in the liberty of conscience and of opinion, to speak out plainly as to their intentions and purposes.

We hold this truth to be self-evident, that the appointment of Chairman Finley as chief of the state executive committee did not invest him with the attribute of democratic infallibility, nor principle, which we believe is sanctioned and inculcated by many of our wisest statesmen, including the immortal Jefferson, we have no compromise to offer. We know that each year the people are forced to submit to extortionate robbery, because of a want of such a circulating medium in that country, and they are not willing to submit to this enforced scarcity, in the interest and for the benefit of the money lenders of Wall street.

We announce our purpose, and the purpose of all those who think with us, to remain democratic, despite the eagerness of Mr. Finley to get rid of us, and to make a fight for our principles, which are essentially democratic. We are democrats "to the manner born," and we serve notice on Mr. Finley and his instigators and co-conspirators, that when the battle cry is sounded we will be found on the democratic battlefield, as we have always been, with the old democratic flag floating at the head of our column, prepared to give our best service to the cause of the people, and with a full determination to slay our foes in front, and such traitors as may fire into us from ambush in the rear.

If war among democrats must come, because of our determination to exercise the rights of free American citizenship and to think for ourselves without taking the advice of some "boss," the responsibility must rest upon other shoulders than ours. We are ready for peace or war, prescribing no man for opinion's sake, and equally determined that no man shall prescribe us; and we call upon all democrats in Texas, as well as others who think with us and the liberal minded who differ from us, to organize at once in every congressional district, county and voting precinct, for the preservation of pure Jeffersonian democracy, in this grand old common wealth, and the rescue of democracy from the hands of buccaneers, who seem determined in their insolence to destroy it, unless they are permitted to run it for their exclusive benefit, and that of their fellow spoilsmen.—Dallas (Tex. Southern Mercury.



RECIPROCITY AND RETALIATION.

United labor is able to protect its own, to avenge injustice and reciprocate favors.

there were no millionaires there were no tramps. These two are inseparable.—Journal of Knights of Labor.

—To divide and quarrel among ourselves over details and personalities, is exactly what the gold bugs want us to do. "Stand fast, therefore, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage."

—The money power has at last found a foeman worthy of its steel. The alliance bids defiance to all the powers of subsidized monopoly and the yeomanry of America are standing by its side.—Pittsburgh Kansan.

—Our reports, so far, from different parts of the country, show that the bulk of the surplus wheat is already out of the producers' hands. It will not be long after the middlemen get possession of it till the prices will go up.—Journal of Agriculture.

—Confidence in the stability of our financial institutions and universal prosperity continues. Dun's last report showed up ten more failures than the week previous and about fifty more than the same week last year, "with no unusual stringency in any particular locality." Oh, Lord!—Nonconformist.

—To prove the value of paper money we offer the following statement: The Bank of England suspended specie payment from 1797 to 1821. For this period of twenty-four years paper money paid all debts, public and private, and carried England through her wars with France and America.—Louisville (Ky.) Farmers' Home Journal.

—The intrinsic value idea of money was the idea in the days of crude barbarism. The simplest and most perfect form of money is that which represents nothing but transferable debt, such as paper. It is only when states have reached a high degree of civilization that they adopt the latter form of money.—Reed's Encyclopædia.

—A greenback dollar is a receipt and an order. It is a receipt for services rendered, for labor performed, for products transferred; and it is an order for a certain amount of the necessities, comforts or luxuries of life. It does not need the collateral security of precious metal any more than a street car passenger needs a uniformed body guard. The government is powerful and at peace, and its name is as good as its bond. What it places its signature upon needs no other backing.—Chicago Express.

—Secretary Foster lately said to the bankers' association: "I am of the opinion that, owing to our rapid growth in population and wealth and the extraordinary development in all kinds of business yearly, the increase in our circulating medium some what proportionate to our growth in population is absolutely demanded." This is precisely the position taken by the people's party, and precisely the statement which all republican papers and speakers of Kansas have persistently denounced as anarchy, socialism, repudiation, fanaticism, etc., ad nauseum. Mr. Foster convicts the entire republican machinery of Kansas of unblushing falsehood, and vindicates to the fullest degree the position of the people's party. But, perhaps, Foster is a liar and a calamity howler.—Lawrence (Kas.) Jeffersonian.

—We believe in doing a good turn when we can, and we are going to put those fellows who believe in intrinsic value of money into a right smart business. Gather up 500 cents (intrinsic value a half dollar) and swap them for five silver stump-tailed dollars (intrinsic value $3.75); swap these again for one full-fledged yallow gold piece, and you will make $4.50 by the operation, if your theory is correct. If not, why not? If you are real spry you might get around twice and make $9 per day. Why don't some of you try it?—Rico (Kan.) Eagle.

COLOSSAL CHEEK.

An Astounding Proposition on the Part of John Jay Knox Which Seems to Have Been Advanced in All Seriousness.

At the recent annual convention of the American Bankers' association, held at New Orleans, November 11 and 12, the national bankers through their mouth-piece, John Jay Knox, formulated the following astonishing and impudent proposition, or plan for a flexible circulating medium. Mr. Knox said:

"What we need in a country like this, if we are to have a bank circulation, which I hope we are to have at some time in the future, is a circulation which is both safe and elastic. I grant that the national bank circulation, while it filled all of three requirements of safety, convertibility and uniformity, was defective in the principle of elasticity.

"The proposition which I had the honor to present to congress was in brief terms the following: That banks organized in this country should be allowed to issue a circulation upon 75 per cent. of their capital. A bank of $400,000 capital should have the right to issue circulation to the amount of $300,000. Half of that circulation ($150,000) would be secured by gold or silver coin or bullion, or, if you please, by the public debt so long as the 4s shall exist, until 1907, by government bonds. The other portion of the circulation would be secured by a safety fund. Of course, if circulation was issued on gold or silver coin or bullion alone there would be no profit on that circulation, but upon the other half of the circulation there would be a profit, as it would be secured by a safety fund. The principle of the safety fund rests upon the well established fact that at least three-fourths of the banks are managed with ability, and under no circumstances are likely to become insolvent. We have experience to guide us in this matter. During a quarter of a century, during twenty-five years, 120 national banks failed, having an aggregate circulation of $15,000,000. Under this system one-half that amount would have been secured by a deposit of coin or bullion. The other half would have been secured by a safety fund. This safety fund would be formed by a contribution of all the banks of the country of one per cent. upon the amount of circulation issued, the same amount that is now contributed to the government of the United States as a tax upon circulation.

"We would have then a loss of $15,000,000 in twenty-five years, an annual loss of $600,000. One-half secured by a safety fund of $300,000 and the other half by coin or bullion. The income, provided that $20,000,000 of circulation was issued, would be $1,000,000 a year. The loss would be $600,000, or a loss of only one-tenth of the amount of the income, taking the experience of the last twenty-five years as correct data. If the loss should be five times greater or ten times greater than the experience of the last twenty-five years, there would be still enough in the safety fund to cover all possible requirements. If the safety fund should by any possibility be exhausted, the unsecured solvent notes would be entitled to preference in payment from the assets of the bank and the individual liabilities of the stockholders. While the total of insolvent national bank notes during the last twenty-five years has been $13,000,000, the amount derived from the assets and individual liabilities of insolvent banks had been more than $16,000,000. This is independent of the bonds. So that such insolvent notes, if the banking system is conducted as safely in the future as in the past, would be secure without a safety fund. But, without the safety fund the amount which would be taken to pay those notes would be taken from the fund which properly belongs to the depositors of the banks."

Grand in its audacity and revolutionizing in its ideas, proposing, as it does, to vest in banking corporations a prerogative belonging solely to congress, the foregoing proposition nevertheless embodies some concessions and admissions of value and pertent to the people at large. Stripped of all superfluous verbiage the proposition is as follows: That for every $2.50 in ostensible capital claimed by a bank it shall issue paper bills for two dollars. Of this amount one dollar is to have behind it a dollar in gold or silver coin or bullion for its redemption in case of the failure of the bank or its retirement from business by legislation. The other dollar is to have behind it for its redemption in case of the failure of a bank or its retirement from business the sum of two cents in coin or bullion. This, virtually admits:

First—That so far as its use as money or as a circulating medium is concerned, money needs no specie basis or metallic reserve for its redemption, as Mr. Knox in his proposition makes no provision for the redemption of any of this bank currency, except in case of banks becoming insolvent or voluntarily retiring from business. And even for this contingency there is no provision for the redemption of more than the one-hundredth part of the total bank circulation outstanding. In other words, Mr. Knox contemplates that the average life of a bank and its currency will be fifty years, ranging from one to one hundred years. If more than one per cent. of the total outstanding bank currency should need redemption from any cause the worth of one-half of the excess would be problematical.

Second—That were it not for the fact some banks become insolvent and others wish to retire from business, no other money than paper bills would ever be required.

Now let us give Mr. Knox's principles a broader application. The credit of the whole people is better than that of the banks, while anything the American bankers' association can accomplish the whole people, including the bankers, in their communal governmental capacity, can more easily and surely perform. The United States government will never fail or become insolvent. If a sinking or safety fund of two per cent. in the hands of the banks is a good and sufficient reserve to guarantee a circulating media, then surely a reserve fund of five per cent. in the hands of the people's government is good security for the redemption of a volume of currency, especially when it is considered that the two per cent. safety fund it is proposed that the banks shall provide is to guard against a contingency that cannot happen to the case of the United States government; to wit, insolvency.

The United States government has had in possession a reserve fund for many years of one hundred million dollars in gold to redeem three hundred and forty-six million dollars in United States legal tender notes, (greenbacks) which has remained and yet remains intact, as one having, so far, generated one of the notes for redemption.

Applying Mr. Knox's rule of sufficiency this reserve of one hundred million dollars, with no possibility of insolvency, should be large enough to secure an issue of five billions of dollars in United States legal tender greenbacks. If three millions dollars will secure one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in bank currency.

Besides, Mr. Knox, as I have before stated, does not consider any reserve at all necessary, except to redeem outstanding notes of banks ceasing to do business on account of insolvency. But suppose we say that in the case of the United States government a reserve fund of five per cent. would be necessary to guarantee the redemption of full legal tender greenback currency. It would then take one hundred million dollars of "gold or coin or silver bullion" to secure a paper issue of two billions of dollars

Now apply Mr. Knox's principle of co-operation to the people, as he applies it to the banks. As the banks under the operation of his plan are to subscribe a fund of one per cent of their circulation, so let the people's congress authorize the United States treasurer to cover into the redemption reserve fund each year a sufficient amount to keep such reserve fund always up to the maximum limit of one hundred millions of dollars, to guarantee the redemption of the two billions of outstanding legal tender paper. This would be safe and practicable. If not, why not?

Mr. Knox's argument against the plan would probably be the yell of "fiat money." But whose fiat? And whose fiat would give the proposed bank currency the cloak of legality?

But what about the relative benefit of the two plans to the people at large? In the one case the banks would have $100 of credit to loan to the people at an average rate of eight per cent. for which they would be out just $2 in "gold or silver coin or bullion." In the other case the $100 would be loaned to the people "at a rate of interest not to exceed two per cent." It is very easy to discern which would be the best for the banks. Now as to the flexibility of the volume of bank currency contemplated by this proposition of Mr. Knox's. Let us be exact. The actual cost of that half of the volume of bank currency secured by the proposed "safety fund" would be for each $100 the sum of twenty cents in money, and the interest upon $1.80. Mr. Knox evidently wishes to convey the impression that on account of the low cost of such currency to the banks, that they could afford to let a goodly portion of it lie idle at times in their vaults and yet realize a good average profit upon the whole. But we know, and Mr. Knox should know, that an addition of two or three hundred millions of dollars to our present volume of currency would make no more perceptible ripple upon the stream of commerce, than would a pebble cast into a lake of water. And it must be remembered that the banks having control of this currency it would not be let out to the people until the extreme necessity and urgent demand for it raised the rate of interest to a satisfactory point. This would be a snap for the banks, but the flexibility does not make itself very apparent.

The requirements in order to a flexible volume of money are:

First—A volume of money limited in amount only by the quantity that can be profitably used in productive industries and the channels of commerce, provided such money may be freely obtained at a rate of interest which will equitably divide the net annual product of the nation between the two factors—labor and capital.

[As the net annual increase in national wealth has just about averaged four per cent. for the past twenty years, money, if loaned by capitalists or bankers, should not cost more than two per cent. If, however, money be furnished to the people, direct, by themselves (government) it would be at the cost of issue, all tax or interest paid above such cost taking the place of other forms of taxation.]

Second—An absolutely safe place of deposit for the savings, or surplus money of the people, from whence it can be obtained upon demand; such savings, while in such place of deposit, to draw interest at a lower rate than the established legal current rate for the use of money.

These requirements may be filled:

First—By the people, as a government, loaning their credit (money) to themselves as individuals, upon productive real estate at two per cent. interest.

Second—By making such credit bills (money) interconvertible with United States postal savings bank bonds, of convenient denominations, bearing one or one and one-half per cent. interest, and obtainable at the post offices in the cities and principle towns.

This would give us a flexible, elastic volume of currency, which would automatically adjust itself to all ordinary or extraordinary demands for its use.—George C. Ward, in Topeka Advocate.

COL. LIVINGSTON.

The Georgia Alliance Leader Should Not Try to Ride Two Horses at the Same Time.

On Wednesday last at the Atlanta exposition, Oates, of Alabama, put this direct question to Congressman Livingston, of Georgia:

"Will you vote for Cleveland if he is nominated?"

The direct reply was: "I will vote for the nominee."

It is with deep regret that we note such language coming from Livingston. His reply should have been: "I stand by the Ocala platform."

This reply would have reinstated him in the leadership of the reform party in Georgia.

It would have been proof positive of his loyalty to the cause and the people.

The reply which he did make is at the best a dodge, and is intended to deceive somebody. Who is it to be?

These are not times for political truckling or trickstering. A failure to express the true sentiment of the alliancemen of Georgia has lost us three states already this fall, and a continuation of this policy will soon disgust our western brethren with us to an extent which may be finally disastrous to the cause.

If Col. Livingston expects to continue in the leadership of the reform forces of Georgia he must stop trying to ride two horses at once, must sever all connection with old party ringsters, and obey the voice of the people—sever all connection with railroad monopolists and stand out clear and apart from all such. This reform movement is too big for any man to carry in his vest pocket.—Atlanta (Ga.) People's Party Paper.

Railroads in Politics.

"Railroads in the west have been the most potent factors in the recent state elections. They claim they were forced to this course to save their lines from practical confiscation. It was a fight for existance and the railroads won. It was the roads rather than the democrats that elected Boies governor of Iowa and changed the complexion of the railroad commission. Even more was their power felt in Kansas where the railroads succeeded in defeating nine out of eleven alliance candidates for circuit judgeships. As a consequence, without regard to party, Chicago officials of Iowa and Kansas lines are holding high carnival over the election in those states."

The above [dispatch of Chicago date] is taken from the New York Herald, and will bear a careful reading in the light of the present political condition. Notice the last paragraph especially, "without regard to party." It explains certain actions among leading politicians that have heretofore been somewhat vague.—National Economist.

Most Gratifying.

The action of the Farmers' Alliance in indorsing so heartily the order's position in the difficulty with the Rochester clothing combine is most gratifying. Quite apart from the tremendous force which the organized farmers can bring to bear upon a settlement of the difficulty, the action of the alliance is gratifying as demonstrating the coming together of the toilers of the field and the factory. A common interest, a common danger and a common suffering have forced them to make a common cause, and now it only needs wise councils and determined action to win all the reforms that justice can ask for, all the justice that reform can give.—Journal of Knights of Labor.